

Broken Appearances

by Bri

Category: Gundam Wing/AC

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-26 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:20:38

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,299

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A short character sketch. Shounen ai/yaoi, Quatre & Trowa.
My first posted GW fic.

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>disclaimer: these characters are not mine now not mine tomorrow not mine ever. i just borrowed them. :)

>note: gw fanfiction; 3x44x3 shounen ai implications. if you send me any feedback or review this, i guarantee you will make me very happy. *grin* flames or flattery, but just remember that i scorch easily.

>
warning: please don't yell at me for writing shounen ai, aka yaoi... it's my choice and you can always hit the back button now. if you read this, you're saying that you're not going to flame me for writing this type of fic. thankee.

>
dedication: to nate-chan and katers, for shoving me into the big world of gw fanfics and watching me get happily trampled...

>

>
The moonlight had always been his friend.

>
Lying lazily on the soft ground of the meadow, he plucked a blade of grass and twirled it between his fingers. The glow of the stars and moon illuminated everything in his view as the wind sang melodies as it rushed through the tall grass around him.

>
Quatre mused that perhaps it was the most glorious night anyone had ever seen. And he was here, outside in the cool night air, to witness it.

>
The party had been difficult to escape from; he couldn't stand formal functions. But the other pilots insisted that he attend them occasionally, just to allay the suspicion that he was a Gundam pilot and to give the impression that Quatre Raberba Winner lived up to his namesake and pedigree.

>
As he nibbled the blade of grass, he wryly reflected that certain illusion was the farthest from the truth.

>
Right now, his friends were settled in at his family's other mansion; back when his father was still alive, Quatre's family used

it for vacations when the pressures of assisting a colony became too much. The sheer size of the place was amazing; over fifty rooms, several parlors, a dining area that sat over one hundred, and a hidden area that only Quatre and his father knew about.

>
The other pilots had made the latter their safehouse; anything of value was stored in the sparsely furnished wing. Quatre's most precious belongings were locked up with his friends', but he had to stay in the main house to keep up appearances.

>
Appearances. His brow furrowed as he rolled onto his back to gaze at the sky. *It's always appearances. I'm so tired of this...*

>
In all archives, in all manners of keeping records, Wufei and Quatre were the only ones who really existed. Their other friends could die, and it could make little difference; they never really lived in the first place.

>
And yet, even to each other they hid their true selves. Heero was still very much an enigma; only the charmingly prying Duo had made any progress in peeling away the layers that cloaked Heero's true self. Quatre had lost count of the times he had been rebuffed by the Japanese boy.

>
As for Duo, he braved the odds behind a sinister joker's mask. But Quatre had a better idea of what his American friend's true self was like. After battles, when the adrenaline rush had died away, Duo would stumble into Quatre's room, half-blind with tears. Those who thought Duo simply viewed war as a massive game didn't dig deep enough. The chestnut-haired boy fought because he didn't see an alternative.

>
Wufei? There was so little that he knew of Wufei. Quatre mused with a small smile that the only one who really had any insight into that worthy's soul was probably his Gundam. Wufei always seemed to have a barricade of fire separating him from the other pilots that no one had succeeded to douse yet. Quatre didn't think he was ready to try to offer friendship and be singed by the other boy's indifference.

>
And then there was Trowa.

>
Oh, Allah, I don't need to think on this right now... He pulled himself into a semblance of a sitting position, resting his forehead on his knees. The fabric of his new tuxedo was already grass-strained and worn, he noted with a smirk. Grass stained... so much like the deep color of Trowa's eyes...

>
And Quatre was beginning to believe that Trowa thought himself stained. He surely didn't reach out to anyone, no matter how many times Duo and Quatre prodded him to emerge from his shell. The only time he really seemed to live was when he spun music on his flute; even though music always sat before him, he never opened his eyes to peer at it. And he always seemed to not notice that Quatre lingered in the doorway, watching him with intense interest.

>
He never seemed to notice how the blonde boy hung on his every word, or how Quatre found himself staring at Trowa, struck by something he couldn't really explain. It felt like a raging river, a molten stream of fire that ran from his heart to every corner of his body, bypassing his brain entirely.

>
He couldn't think coherently when Trowa was close to him; he would try to speak, and end up stammering. The last time that had happened was this morning. Instead of looking faintly amused as he usually did, Trowa rested a gentle finger on Quatre's lips and stepped closer. The blood pounded in the other boy's veins as he slipped his finger down his lips and under his chin, tilting his chin up as Trowa leaned closer and Quatre's hands slipped around the back of his head, urgently pulling Trowa closer of their own accord--

>
--and the door had crashed open, revealing Wufei holding a book and wearing a thoughtful expression. The small volume clattered to the floor and the pensive look turned startled as Wufei's eyes grew to the size of saucers. He flushed, then paled, then crimsoned again as he closed the door with a bang.

>
The moment shattered into a thousand pieces, Quatre quickly removed his hands as the other looked away. Trowa sighed a half-hearted apology and exited. He left more than the room; he left a broken boy and a wounded heart.

>
And now, as he swam in the moonlight, he thought that perhaps Trowa had been overwhelmed by Quatre's rushing emotions and had been lost in the fiery current. *Allah knows he has a touch of empathy himself.*

>
Perhaps it had been best that they had not been hasty and done anything they would certainly regret in later times; if they had lost the respect of the other pilots when it became known that Quatre was undeniably fey and had somehow convinced Trowa that the other boy was of the same persuasion... if their enemy learned of their secret and could exploit the two lovers at will... then life would be broken.

>
What am I thinking? he groaned, annoyed with himself. *Not that anything would have happened. It was all a horrible, horrible mistake and I must move on. For the sake of my sanity. Or what's left of it.*

>
The grass no longer seemed soft and comforting but rather a tangled mass of briars that dug their spiny thorns into him. He slowly rose to his feet, absently brushing the dust and bits of grass off his pants. The wind picked up, tumbling his light blonde hair in all directions.

>
Derailing his mind from its depressing track, he began the long trek home.

>
Somewhere in the distance, a pair of dark green eyes trailed his path. And a silver glimmer of a tear followed Quatre's heart.

>
--end--

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file.